

# Tormented

Claude McKay

I will not reason, wrestle here with you,  
    Though you pursue and worry me about;  
As well put forth my swarthy arm to stop  
    The wild wind howling, darkly mad without.

5 The night is yours for revels; day will light.  
    I will not fight you, bold and tigerish,  
For I am weak, while you are gaining strength;  
    Peace! cease tormenting me to have your wish.

10 But when you're filled and sated with the flesh,  
    I shall go swiftly to the silver stream,  
To cleanse my body for the spirit's sake,  
    And sun my limbs, and close my eyes to dream.